

irialiaut, Labedoyere, Gourgaud, etc., drew their swords and became soldiers. The old grenadiers, incapable of fear for their own lives, were alarmed at the danger that threatened the life of the Emperor. They conjured him to withdraw. "Retire," said one of them. "You see clearly that, death shuns you." The Emperor resisted, and ordered them to fire. The officers around him seized his bridle and dragged him away. Cambronne and his brave fellows crowded round their expiring eagles, and bade Napoleon an eternal adieu. The English, moved by their heroic resistance, conjured them to surrender. "No," said Cambronne, "the Guard can die, but not yield!"<sup>15</sup> At the same moment they all rushed on the enemy with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" Their blows were, worthy of the conquerors of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Montmirail. The English and Prussians, from whom they still kept back the victory, united against this handful of heroes, and cut them down. Some, covered with wounds, fell to the ground, weltering in their blood; others, more fortunate, were killed outright: finally, they whose hopes were not answered by death shot one another, that they might not survive their companions-in-arms or die by the hands of their enemies.<sup>1</sup>

Wellington and Blücher, thus become quiet possessors of the field of battle, traversed it as masters. But at what expense of blood was this unjust triumph purchased! Never, no never, were the blows of the French more formidable or more deadly to their adversaries. Thirsting after blood and glory, despising danger and death, they rushed daringly on the blazing batteries of their enemy, and seemed to multiply in number, to seek, attack, and pursue them in their inaccessible intrenchments. ! 10, <XX) English or Prussians were sacrificed by their hands on that, fatal day; and when it is considered that this horrible carnage was the work of 50, (XX) men, dying with fatigue and hunger, and striving in miry ground against this impregnable position, and 130,000 fighting men, we cannot but be seized with sorrowful admiration, and decree to the vanquished the palm of victory.<sup>12</sup>

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the graphic, if incorrect, picture of Waterloo given by Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

<sup>12</sup> *Moniteur* of 17/11/1815. *Life of Napoleon*, by M. Kienig, ex-Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon and of his Cabinets, Master of Requests to the Council of State, etc.